TO THE KING, AN ODE ON His Majesty's ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, 1695.

By Mr. PRIOR.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut Modus
Tam Chari capitis? Hor.

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C. Wright's

TO THE

KING;

AN ODE, &c.

ON MARY's Tomb, thrô rowling Years,
The Mournful Graces all ſhall weep;
And, with freſh Lamps and flowing Tears,
The Virtues endleſs Vigils Keep.

For MARY diſtant Lands ſhall Mourn
VVhen late Records Her Deeds relate,
Ages to come, and Men unborn,
Shall Bleſs Her Name, and Sigh Her Fate.

Fair ALBION ſhall with watchful Truſt,
Her Holy QUEEN's ſad Reliques guard,
Till Heaven awakes the precious Duſt,
To Cloath it in its full Reward.

But let the KING forſake his Woes,
Reflecting on his fair Renown;
And take the Cypreſs from his Brows,
To put his wonted Lawrels on.

The Lovely Dead, whom He regrets,
Can know no Fear, can feel no Grief:
The living World, whom He forgets,
Would periſh without His Relief.

In vain the Britiſh Lyons roar,
While preſt by Grief their MONARCH ſtoops;
The Belgic Darts will wound no more,
If He, whoſe Hand ſuſtain'd them, droops:

Embattel'd Princes wait their Chief,
Whoſe Voice ſhould rule, whoſe Arm ſhould lead;
And, in Kind Murmurs, chide that Grief
Which hinders EUROPE's being freed.

The great Example they demand
VVho ſtill to Conqueſt led the VVay,
And wiſh Him preſent to command,
As They ſtand ready to obey.

They ſeek that Joy which uſed to glow
Expanded on the HERO's Face,
When the thick Squadrons preſt the Foe,
And WILLIAM led the glorious Chaſe.

Oh! give the Mourning Nations Joy,
Break forth, great Sun, with uſual Light:
And let thy ſtronger Beams deſtroy
Thoſe Clouds, which keep Thee from our ſight.

Advance in thy Meridian Courſe,
And, ſince thy MARY's Light is gone,
Rejoyce the World with double Force,
Thy Beams all fixt in Thee alone.

See, pious KING, with different ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling ALBION's Boſom torn;
So much She fears for WILLIAM's Life,
That MARY's Fate ſhe dare not mourn.

Her fair Delight, Her ſofter Half,
Cold in the Grave with MARY lies,
Unleſs in Thee her ſtrength is ſafe,
The frighted Nation wholly dies.

Thou, Guardian Angel, ſave our Land
From Thy own Grief, her fierceſt foe;
Leſt, rais'd and reſcu'd by thy Hand,
She bend and ſink beneath thy Woe.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new Trophies ſtill be ſought;
And hoary Majeſty ſuſtain
The Battles which thy youth has fought.

Where now is BRITAIN's fearful Love,
Which made Her hate the War's alarms?
Where that Exceſs with which She drove
To keep her HERO in her Arms?

While ſtill She chid the coming Spring,
VVhich call'd Thee o'er thy ſubject Seas,
VVhilſt, for the Safety of the KING,
She wiſh'd the VICTOR's Glory leſs?

'Tis gone, 'tis chang'd; ſad BRITAIN now
Haſtens her LORD to Foreign VVars:
Happy if Toyls may break his VVoe,
Or Danger may divert his Cares.

In

In Martial ſounds She drowns her Sighs,
Leſt He the riſing Grief ſhould hear.
She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,
Leſt He ſhould ſee the falling Tear.

Go, Mighty Prince, let FRANCE be taught
How conſtant Minds by grief are try'd,
How great the Land that wept and fought,
When VVILLIAM led, and MARY dy'd.

Fierce in the Battle make it Known,
VVhere Death with all her Darts is ſeen,
That ſhe could ſtrike Thy Heart with None,
But that with which ſhe ſtruck the QUEEN.

Thy Virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs force,
No dire Event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on its deſtin'd courſe,
Thô Death and Envy ſtop the way.

Envy ſhall calm that reſtleſs Rage,
By which Thy Glory brighter grows,
And Death, Thy Sorrows to aſſwage,
Shall turn her wrath, and wound Thy Foes.

BEL-

BELGIA indulg'd her open Grief,
VVhile yet her Maſter was not near,
She hated Hope, She ſcorn'd Relief,
And triumph'd, Proud in full Deſpair.

Her echo'd VVailings pierc't the Skyes,
To Earth her bended Forehead bow'd,
The Tears unbounded from her Eyes,
As VVaters from her Sluces, flow'd.

But ſoon as Thou her Lord return'd,
Her Head is rear'd, her Eyes are dry'd,
She ſmiles as WILLIAM ne'r had mourn'd,
She looks as MARY ne'r had dy'd.

That Freedom which all Sorrows claim,
She does for Thy Content reſign:
Her Piety it ſelf would blame,
If *Her* Regrets ſhould waken Thine.

Diſſembling Eaſe, and forcing Joy,
She begs her Lord his Tears to dry:
Did BELGIA e're her prayers employ,
And ORANGE ſtand regardleſs by?

To

To cure Thy Woes She ſhews thy Fame,
Leſt the great Mourner ſhould forget
That all the Race whence ORANGE came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

VVILLIAM his Countrey's Cauſe cou'd fight,
And with His Blood its Freedom Seal:
MAURICE and HENRY guard that Right
For which their pious Father fell.

A ſecond VVILLIAM's Bloom could tell
How Heroes riſe, how Patriots fet:
As Theirs did Others Deeds excel,
Excelling Theirs be Thine compleat.

The laſt fair Inſtance Thou muſt give
VVhence NASSAU's Virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the World that Thou canſt live
As glorious as Thy MARY dy'd.

That Thou canſt live for BELGIA's ſake,
Pierc'd by her Griefs forget Thy own;
New Toyls endure, new Conqueſts make
To give her Eaſe, who Thou haſt None.

To Keep from treach'rous Foes Her ſtore;
Thô all Thy Wealth be robb'd by Death;
To vanquiſh, thô She lives no more
Whoſe Hands prepar'd the Victor's Wreath.

Oh, could Thy Griefs obdurate prove
To BELGIA's Cries, to BRITAIN's Fears,
Yet let them yield to MARY's Love,
To NASSAU's Glory joyn'd in Her's.

If MARY could ſo well command,
It was by long obeying Thee;
Her Scepter, guided by Thy Hand,
Preſerv'd the Iſles and rul'd the Sea.

But oh! 'twas little that Her Life
Thy Fame o'er Earth and Water bears,
In Death 'twas worthy WILLIAM's Wife
To Fix His Name amidſt the Stars.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives its Forms, Thy Virtues rowl:
From MARY's Glories Angels trace
The Beauties of Her Part'ners Soul.

Wiſe Fate, which does its Heaven decree
To Heroes, when They yield their breath,
Haſtens Thy Triumphs, Half of Thee
Is deifi'd before Thy Death.

And to Thy Fame alone 'tis given
Unbounded thrô all Worlds to go,
While MARY reigns a Saint in Heaven,
And Thou a Demi-God below.

FINIS.